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Austinburg, Sep. 22, 1842.

ment. It will be an event that may well fill the heart of the honest patriot with fear and trembling; in its solemn forebodings of calamitous times to the liberties of the country, and in the almost certain prospect, that without speedy success the glorious sunlight of our freedom, will soon disappear in midnight darkness. B. B. HUNTER

Austinburg, Sep. 22, 1842.

THE PHILANTHROPIST

- EDITED BY G. BAILEY, JR.

CINCINNATI.

Saturday, October 8, 1842.

(C) Mr. Brooke's communication is again necessarily laid over. We shall try and give it an insertion in our next.

Western Pennsylvania.

The anniversary of the Western Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Pittsburgh, the first Wednesday in November. On Tuesday, November 1st, the day previous, there will be a Liberty Convention in the same place.

Arrangements have been made to give great interest to the meetings. Distinguished friends of the cause from all quarters have been invited to attend, and many of them will most probably be there. We hope our friends in Eastern Ohio will give their neighbors a lift. It is worth while to go to Pittsburgh just to hear Edward Smith. Our friends there have kindly invited us to attend; we wish it were in our power. But we shall be obliged, much against our inclination, to decline their invitation.

The Monstrous Alliance and its Results.

The printers contrived between them, to make up the tract entitled the "Monstrous Alliance and its Results," tail end foremost; so as to spoil it for circulation. The best I can do with my 6000 tracts, therefore, is to use them for wrapping paper—for at this age of the world, when the watchword is "go ahead," nobody would ever think of reading a tract backwards. Those who have sent money for tracts have already received its worth in the first tract published.

Mr. Lewis.

We deeply regret that Mr. Lewis was unable to accompany Judge King throughout the Western Reserve. From the public exercises at Sandusky, he was obliged to retire to his bed. At Elyria, Lorain, he again spoke, with his usual energy, but became exhausted, was carried to his room, and for two days the physicians despaired of his life. So soon as he recovered a little, he was taken to Akron, where he again ventured on speaking, but was compelled to suspend his remarks. Thence he was brought home. We are gratified in being able to inform the numerous friends he has made during his tour, that he is now gradually recovering, though for a long time to come he will need entire repose. Mr. Lewis' disinterested devotion to our cause is beyond all praise.

Vote on the Treaty.

The following are said to be the nine Senators, who voted against the treaty. Messrs. Allen, of Ohio, Benton and Linn of Missouri, Bagby of Alabama, Buchanan and Sturgeon of Pennsylvania, Smith of Indiana, Conrad of Louisiana, and Williams of Maine.

Indiana Convention.

The Liberty men of Indiana met in State Convention at Newport, Sep. 5th 1842. Thomas Edgerston 2d Vice President in the Chair. Arrangements were made with regard to the publication of a paper—and the following gentlemen were nominated for the offices named, to be supported in 1843:

FOR GOVERNOR
OF Indiana
ELIZUR DEMMING,
OF Tippecanoe County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
STEPHEN S. HARDING,
OF Ripley County.

(C) Dr. Briebeau requests us to say that his Post Office is now at Harrison, Hamilton county, and he wishes his papers and letters addressed accordingly.

Encouraging.

According to the Western Citizen, the Liberty vote this year in Illinois, is twice as great as last year's—and greater seven or eight fold than in 1840.

In Maine so far as heard from, the vote is nearly four thousand. It will no doubt treble the vote of last year. In Vermont there was a falling off—for various reasons—they have no paper advocating independent political action against slavery—they have an Antislavery paper opposed to it, and the influence of Mr. Slade, who stands high among Antislavery men has been thrown against such action &c., &c.

A Word.

Let every Liberty voter, for the sake of saving himself trouble, preventing mistakes, and avoiding importunity from political partisans, have his ticket made out correctly at home before he goes to the polls.

Next Tuesday.

We rejoice, will be the day of election. This is our last paper before that event. One thought more. There is power in principle—but so there is in numbers. Multitudes arrayed in behalf of a false principle, give it an influence that does not belong to it—arrayed on the side of a good principle, augment its power to a still greater degree. Why do we all, politicians, and moral sensationists, labor for vast meetings? Because we all know the power of numbers. The announcement, some years since, that two thousand societies embracing perhaps a hundred thousand members, were advocating the doctrine of immediate emancipation, was calculated to arouse public attention, abate prejudice, make self-interest tremble, and enlist many, (till then hesitating, though convinced) on the right side. Suppose, some plan could be devised, for obtaining the number of all those in Ohio, who are resolved never to discontinue their exertions till the law of liberty be the universal law of this country—that a grand thing it would be! Who would not like to know how many real lovers of liberty this great State numbers?

Well, we have a plan—it is the easiest in the world—only it requires the co-operation of every anti-slavery man, to make it work well. But, it is so simple, nothing more than putting a piece of paper, with the name, *Leicester King* written on it, in the ballot box. This will give us the number of all the anti-slavery voters in Ohio—then add to this two thirds more for women, minors, and non-voters, and you have the sum total of the sincere foes of slavery in this state.

This, surely is one way of confessing a right principle before men. Who will hesitate to make a grand confession?

The Reserve.

The most desperate efforts, we learn from a gentleman, just arrived from Northern Ohio, have been made there by the politicians to break down Judge King. No one, he says, can conceive of the devices resorted to, to whip the people into their party traces. We regret to see our friend (Mr. Giddings) operating against the Liberty movement. His Whig friends are doubtless glad to have an Abolitionist, who has done and dared so much in behalf of human rights, use his influence to turn back the Antislavery men into their ranks. To show how they manage in some places, we will state, on the authority of a letter from Salem, Columbiana county, that very recently, the whigs posted up hand bills all around, announcing that the Hon. J. R. Giddings would deliver an address on abolition. When before have whig politicians heralded abolition addresses? Was their motive a fair one? Will Antislavery men suffer themselves forever to be deceived? If the whigs have adopted our principles, let them come out, and say so, openly, and not make sneaking promises, which they do not intend to fulfil. If they have adopted our principles, let them say so, and abjure Henry Clay, the representative of the slave interest. Will they do it? If not, let us alone.

The Missouri Prisoners.

"The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have taken legal advice in regard to what can be done for Thompson, Work and Burr, confined for twelve years in the penitentiary of Missouri. The result is, that nothing can be done for their relief—the case being quite out of the jurisdiction of the other courts. The only thing which can possibly avail them is for the governors of those States of which they were citizens to expostulate with the governor of Missouri, and obtain some abridgement of the time."

Whether this will be done in Ohio, is very doubtful, unless we can elect Judge King Governor. Sad indeed is it, that these three young men should be compelled to spend the best years of their life in the dungeon, for doing what in any other than a slaveholding country, must be regarded, as an act of heroic benevolence.

National Liberty Convention.

A State Liberty Convention in New York lately passed the following resolution.

16. Whereas, The Liberty Convention of the State of Ohio, have invited the National Convention to call a convention, to be held in Ohio, and whereas, in the opinion of this Convention, the Liberty party could not be fairly represented in a place far remote from the centre of Liberty party influence.

Resolved, That we do not approve of the recommendation of our brethren of Ohio; but would respectfully suggest to the National Committee to hold the convention which is adjourned to meet in May next in the City of Buffalo.

All the National Liberty Conventions that have yet been held, have been held in the East. The West has never yet been fairly represented in them. The next, and we believe we express the universal opinion of the Liberty men of the West, ought to be held either at Cleveland or Pittsburgh. We ask our friends in the East, to meet us half way, at Pittsburgh, for we believe a better representation of the Liberty men in all the States, can be secured at that locality than any other.

We are desirous of doing all we can, to maintain harmony in the Liberty ranks, and therefore, we are anxious for the national Executive Committee to acquiesce in this particular, with the wishes of the Western Anti-Slavery men.

Retribution Threatened.

It excites one's deepest indignation, to see the sacred rights of man gambled with by reckless politicians. We have always said, that the black law of this State was the result of political calculation. The Whigs were induced to pass it, by the representation of their Whig allies in Kentucky, and the Democrats sustained it, in accordance with their usual policy, which is to succumb in every thing to the South for the sake of Southern votes.

It is well known that Kentucky orators have been lending their aid to the Whig party in this State, teaching the people of Ohio how to settle their domestic concerns, so as most efficiently to promote the interests of Henry Clay. The Democrats are greatly scandalized at this. They remind the Kentucky slaveholders that the Democrats are their "ANCIENT FRIENDS"—and are grieved to see them enter the lists in behalf of the Whigs. But they do not stop at sorrowing; they threaten retribution. Look at the following paragraph from a letter published in the Ohio Statesman, and written by a gentleman in Cincinnati. We find it in the Cincinnati Enquirer, which seems to sympathize with its retributive wrath. Listen.

"One more consideration, and I am done. If further interference is to be tolerated—if this people who are so tenacious as to the interference of the citizens of other States, with their domestic institutions, are determined to push forward and second this unwarrantable, and unreasonable movement—this attempt at the subversion of Government, I wish to give them a timely warning. I tell them now, if they are prepared for the destruction of Republican Government, the people of Ohio are not. THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY WILL BE SUSTAINED, and as a Democrat, I am for meeting out our Kentucky friends that justice which to me they seem to merit, the repeal of all laws in Ohio, that are intended to protect their rights, acquired under the peculiar institutions of their State."

Now, these laws are either flagrant outrages on right and humanity, or simple acts of justice to Kentucky. If the last, no party resentment can justify their repeal. If the first, no party good can justify their continuance. But, this man would have them repealed or continued, just as Kentucky may, or may not, send her politicians here to help the Whigs.

Beautiful democracy! What an elevated standard of moral conduct, this party has adopted!

Appeal to the Slaves.

The Democrats are more and more incensed against the slaveholders of our sister State. They go further than menacing them with a repeal of the Black Laws. They threaten to interfere with their domestic institutions. As appears in another column a Democrat recommends an appeal to the Slaves of Kentucky, showing them their natural rights; and also suggests several other instrumentalities for undermining their peculiar institutions. As we did not approve exactly of Gerrit Smith's address to the slaves, we can hardly give countenance to this Democratic project of

an appeal to them. Mr. Smith's address was free of any tendency to excite the slaves to violence; and its doctrines, with a single exception, were calculated to do them no harm. But we should dread this democratic "appeal." It would breathe a spirit very different from that Christian spirit which animated the writer of the "Address to the Slaves." Our Democratic friends are becoming "incendiary," "fanatic," "What! send spies to Kentucky—undermine the peculiar institutions—instigate the slaves to rebellion—blow up the fires of a servile war! What! dissolve the Union! and all too, out of sheer spite! This is too bad. We cannot go with them in this. They are too ultra. We beg of them to respect the institutions of the country. My good brother Democrat, have you ever seen in the most severe Abolition publications, anything approaching to the violence of the correspondent of your Enquirer? (See article Fifth column.) Then never denounce us as incendiaries again.

The Treaty.

The New York Courier and Enquirer is greatly displeased with the treaty. It is the most unaccountable piece of diplomacy in the world—As how Southern Statesmen could ever approve of it, is to him perfectly inexplicable. We are as much surprised as the Courier, but certainly not so sorrowful. The Treaty, so far as it regards the slave trade is a total departure from the fixed policy of the Government. This policy is indicated in a speech, made in 1826, on the question of the Panama mission.

"Now, sir, if it is the policy of the States, not to suffer the great question (slavery) to be touched by the federal government, surely it must be the policy of this government, exercising a paternal care over every member of the political family, not to suffer foreign nations to interfere with it. It is seen their imperative duty to shun discussion with them—and to avoid all treaty stipulations whatever on any point connected directly or remotely with the great question. It is a subject of too delicate a nature, too vitally interesting to us, to be discussed abroad. On this subject we committed an error when we entered into treaties with Great Britain and Columbia, for suppressing the slave-trade. That error has been happily corrected. The first treaty has failed, and the second was never unanimously ratified by this body. Our policy then is now firmly fixed—our course is marked out—With nothing connected with slavery, can we consent to treat with other nations—and least of all ought we to touch the question of the independence of Hayti, in conjunction with revolutionary governments, whose own history affords an example scarcely less fatal to our repose."

The South then has changed its ground, but why? We think we can see why there should be nothing particularly repugnant in the article which binds the United States to maintain a squadron on the coast of Africa. It will subserve the purposes of Colonization, and protect our commerce on the African coast. But, the other article by which our proslavery government is bound to remonstrate against the existence of slave markets—this is a puzzle.

"Let us suppose, then," says the Courier, "that the British and American ministers resident at Rio Janeiro, wait upon the minister of foreign affairs there, and in obedience to the provisions of the IX. article of the treaty, remonstrate with him upon the existence there of the slave market. With the Englishman it would be tolerably plain sailing; he has a treaty with Brazil, extorted from her fears, and all he would have to do, would be to insist on its execution. But our countryman must proceed on different grounds for it would be absurd for him to insist on the execution of a treaty to which his country is not a party. He must base his remonstration on general principles. He must talk of 'the great work of benevolence and humanity,' 'the diabolical traffic.' Well, when he has done, what would be more natural than for the Brazilian to say, 'Mr. Jonathan, you remonstrate with me on our slave market here; pray have you not one at home?' 'Oh yes, but it is only for slaves who have been born, or may be born, in the country.' 'Indeed,' rejoins the Brazilian, 'but I can see no difference between buying a slave on the coast of Africa, or one on the banks of the Mississippi; unless it be, that the latter is less humane than the former; for your slave was born in a civilized land, and is alive to the kindly feelings of his nature. Whereas I buy a mere savage, scarce knowing aught of the ties, from which I sever him. What, we should like to know, could an American diplomatist answer to this?'"

And so should we. The concluding paragraph of the article in the Enquirer evinces a good deal of sagacity. "It is as, that England works out her grand plan of general emancipation, now become a political necessity to her. It is by placing, step by step, countries holding slaves, in such a position, that they cannot extricate themselves from it without emancipation. It was not the guns of France she wanted to obtain by the quintuple treaty. It is not our guns she cares for in the Ashburton and Webster treaty. She has enough of them of her own. It is the flag of France and our stripes and stars floating with the red cross, that she wishes to exhibit united, avowedly in the suppression of the African slave trade, knowing as she does, that the display is the most palpable contradiction, the most bitter reproach, to the slave markets in the United States, and the French colonies. And the time will come when she will tell us so. Can we then say, nay!"

Let every one Read and Ponder.

DR. BAILEY.

To the course we have pursued towards the Whig candidate for Governor—against whom you appear to be leveling your whole force, while the Loco-foco candidate for the same office you pass by in silence. If I understand you in speaking of the two great parties of the day, you admit that the so called Democrats are the greatest enemies to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and in fact the farthest removed from genuine republicanism, yet you seem to do battle all on the other side. Why not give Wilson Shannon a few squibs at least.

You have been doing injustice to a portion of the whig abolitionists who intend to vote for Thomas Corwin. In that you say "they will show their preference for Clay for the presidency."—There are many abolitionists in this section who, will never again vote for Henry Clay for President, nor any other slaveholder, let their statesmanship be ever so towering. No sir, Clay can never get any genuine abolitionist's vote, but Corwin will get thousands this fall, and mine for one should I live to vote, not that I think him a more suitable man than King, but because, if Shannon is to be beaten, Corwin is the man to do it. Now of a truth, I should like to have seen a little more fairness displayed in the Philanthropist. Let Shannon receive a few shots from your locker and not spend all your blows upon the "Wagoner Boy."

E. CORNER.

I do not plead guilty to the charge of unfairness. Thomas Corwin has had the credit of being an anti-slavery man. He, and his friends for him, seek the votes of anti-slavery men. Wilson Shannon makes no pretensions to anti-slavery reputation, nor do he court the votes of abolitionists. If he did, I should treat him as I do Mr. Corwin. There is no danger that anti-slavery men generally will be seduced into the support of Wilson Shannon. If there was, I should be as earnest in warning them against it, as I now am in warning them against voting for Mr. Corwin.

Mr. Corwin, as I said, covets the support of anti-slavery voters; and yet a majority of his votes in Congress shows that he is not a staunch friend of the right of petition. His conduct since he has been governor, his total silence on mob violence, and the Black laws, shows that he is no efficient friend of the right of free discussion, or the rights of the oppressed colored people. His suffering his name to be linked together with that of Clay, his pledging himself thus to throw his influence in the scale of this slaveholder, shows that he is insensible to the evils of slavery, and its usurpations, and indisposed to resist them. Under such circumstances, courting as he does the votes of abolitionists, why should he be charged with unfairness for examining into his pretensions? As to Wilson Shannon, in regard to all the questions that more particularly interest abolitionists, he stands precisely in the same position as Mr. Corwin. He is underserving the votes of anti-slavery men, and I do most earnestly hope that he may receive none.

My friend, Mr. Corner, thinks I do those abolitionists injustice, who intend to vote for Mr. Corwin, in saying, that thereby they will show their preference for Mr. Clay for the presidency. Let us repeat what we said, for we are extremely anxious on this subject.

"The fates of Henry Clay and Thomas Corwin are indissolubly linked in this state. Their names are associated at every whig convention; the triumph of Corwin will indicate the popularity of Clay. Should he succeed, Henry Clay will be the candidate of the whig party in Ohio. Should he fail, they will hardly dare try him. Every vote then given for Corwin is a vote that Henry Clay shall be President. And every vote given for Clay is a vote that slaveholding is no crime in a republican nation, that duelling is no crime in the eyes of a christian people."

My friend, Mr. Corner, says, that he will vote for Corwin, but never for Clay—so that his vote will not show his preference for Clay. Grant it. He is an exception and there may be other exceptions. Still, he knows enough of politics to know how politicians reason. He knows that the names of Corwin and Clay are now continually associated—and that the triumph of the former will be accepted by the politicians as the evidence of the popularity of the latter. If he fails, Clay will not be brought forward. If he should succeed by a large majority, Clay will be brought forward as the Presidential candidate. No matter what may be Mr. Corner's intention in voting for Corwin, the effect is the same—it goes to fasten the nomination of Clay for the presidency on the whig party.

We have now a few words to say to Mr. Corner, and those abolitionists, who, like him, are resolved to vote their party tickets. Remember, we do not now address Liberty men—for we take it for granted that they will vote their own tickets throughout, supposing good men are placed upon them."

The Governor of this state has no participation in legislation. He exercises no veto power. The vote for this officer is more important, as an expression of opinion, than any thing else. Eighty thousand votes given for Wilson Shannon, express the opinions of so many voters, that democratic principles are paramount in importance to all other political principles.

Ninety thousand votes given for Corwin, express the opinions of so many voters, that whig principles are paramount in importance to all other political principles.

Twenty thousand votes given for Leicester King express the opinions of so many voters, that Liberty principles are of paramount importance to all other political principles.

Now, we will not so far question Mr. Corner's abolitionism, as to indicate a doubt of the estimate he places on the comparative importance of these sets of principles. He holds that anti-slavery principles are of paramount importance—and the only reason why he does not vote the Liberty ticket for the legislature is, because he supposes it will do no good, and may do harm, by defeating the election of other candidates whose the best that can be chosen. This reason he cannot allege in the case of the Governor—for this officer as we have said, has no legislative power. He cannot influence the legislation unless indeed the majority in the legislature concur with him in political opinions, and then such influence is needless. There is no reason therefore why Mr. Corner, though he vote the whig ticket for the legislature, may not vote the Liberty ticket for Governor. For, while thus doing all in his power to reform, in his opinion, the legislation of the state, he would at the same time, aid in giving one of the noblest, and most effective expressions of opinion against slavery, in favor of liberty, which is possible. Does not Mr. Corner, do not whig and democratic anti-slavery men, (I speak not to Liberty men) wish Ohio to give such an expression? Would they not feel proud, that the Buckeye state in these times of high party excitement should give fifteen, twenty, thirty thousand votes in favor of anti-slavery principles? Why, it would place Ohio in the van of the free states. And then its moral influence—would the slaveholder see no meaning in such devotion to right principles? Would your political managers, who dare not put an abolitionist up for office, for fear of raising a mad dog cry, see no meaning in it? Would they not from that moment, be compelled to regard the claims of the Anti-Slavery cause?

How long would it be, before both parties would be courting so powerful and steadfast a minority, by emulating each other in their efforts to repeal the Black laws?

Whig and Democratic Anti-Slavery men—your State can give more than fifteen thousand votes. Last year, without organization, with scarcely any effort, we gave 3000. This year, organized as we are, with such efforts as have been laid out, doubt not—do your duty to the Anti-Slavery cause, and vote for Leicester King—thus testifying at the ballot box, your sense of the transcendent value of your peculiar principles—and we shall give a quintuple vote over that of last year.

What more shall I say? The truth is, the case appears so plain, as to require no argument. Vote for Shannon, vote for Corwin, and you gain nothing substantial. Vote for King, and you give one of the noblest testimonies you can give, of the worth and power of the Anti-Slavery

Discontinuance.

We have lost several subscribers of late, chiefly, as we learn, from dissatisfaction with our course. Some of our non-resistant friends have left us because they disapprove of political action altogether; and some of our Whig friends have cut us, because they cannot bear political action against slavery. These are the two classes chiefly, from whom we have sustained loss. Considering our liberal course, we confess we are somewhat surprised at our non-resistant friends. But we do not complain. It is the right of people to subscribe for what papers they please—and if any subscriber does not find value in our paper equal to the two dollars he pays for it, our advice to him is, to give it up. Meantime, we appeal to those who still stand by us, to find new readers to fill the places of our departed friends. These are too hard times for our paper to bear any reduction of revenue. Our organ of hope is large, and for every lost subscriber we hope a new one will be gained.

Liberty Men in Hamilton County.

Some weeks since, at a meeting of Liberty men in Cincinnati, it was resolved to fill the vacancy on our ticket, occasioned by the resignation of Wm. Carey, by inserting the name of Thomas Morris. It was a wise choice, and we hope Mr. Morris may receive the vote of every lover of liberty in the county.

The meeting then considered the propriety of recommending to Liberty voters, for the inferior offices, such persons on the Whig and Democratic ticket as were thought worthy. It is a matter of small importance, but the Editor of this paper was the only one who opposed this policy. Three candidates were accordingly chosen from each of these tickets. We were unwilling to make difficulty and said nothing about it.

The result was, certain candidates of the parties, not on our ticket, were busy circulating rumors that those put on were Abolitionists, that drew forth from the candidates for the offices of Sheriff, Coroner, and Commissioner, on our ticket, (all Democrats) a declaration that their names had been inserted there without any consultation with them; thus virtually repudiating the support of Liberty men. We had foreseen this consequence, and were not surprised. A spirited communication appeared immediately in the Cincinnati Chronicle, from the Committee appointed by the Liberty meeting, announcing that their names were erased from the ticket. Liberty men will, of course, exercise their own discretion now, as to whether they will fill the blanks in their ticket at all; whether they will fill them with Whig candidates, or whether with independent candidates. We see in the daily papers, which keep our ticket standing, that the blanks have been filled with the names of the Whig candidates. This is an expression of the opinions of the Liberty men who have had the changes made, and is not to be understood as the act of the Liberty party of this county.

We submit the communication referred to above. It is interesting on more accounts than one.

To the public.

The undersigned belonging to the Liberty party, and being present when their ticket was formed, it was voted to make a full ticket, believing it to be the duty of every citizen to vote at our elections, and that it is the inherent and indisputable right of each and every one to vote for such persons as he shall think proper, and that the voter was not bound to make known to, or consult the person for whom he intended to vote, whether such person or candidate would be graciously pleased to accept such vote. We then selected gentlemen for county offices, whose names were found on other tickets for the same purpose, because we believed they were men of honest and independent minds, and we did not expect to be called in question in any manner whatever for so exercising our rights. But we have seen with surprise the following notice in the weekly Enquirer of this city.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned candidates upon the democratic ticket, seeing their names published in a ticket styled the "Independent Liberty Ticket," take this method of saying to the public, that they were not consulted and had no connivance in that nomination.

JOHN H. GERARD.
JOSIAH LARRISON.
CHARLES HALE.

The doctrine and sentiment in the above notice are that the elector ought to ask the candidate if he will be pleased to receive his vote, and that the votes of the Liberty men are too unworthy to be received by 'candidates upon the democratic ticket.' Such a doctrine is a subversion of every principle of free government, and at war with our constitutional rights. For acting as freemen, we are, by the gentlemen above, charged indirectly with connivance—we return the charge from whence it came. The above notice to the public is, in our judgment, written in a spirit of complete subservience to the slaveholding power of the country, and possessing that spirit renders the gentlemen entirely unworthy to receive the votes of honest and independent men, whether Democrats, Whigs, or Liberty men. It becomes therefore our duty to strike their names from our ticket.—We are entirely at a loss to understand what this modern democracy really is—comparing the gentleman's disclaimer, with the Enquirer of yesterday, in that paper we see a communication to the Editor on the subject of the "Dayton Barbecue," the latter clauses of which are as follows:

"What right I would inquire of the thinking portion of the whigs of Ohio, have Kentucky politicians to interfere with our domestic concerns, which we of Ohio pretend to protect? Suppose the abolitionists of Ohio have a small party, or, say a large party, in Kentucky; suppose they were to hold a barbecue in Lexington for the purpose of devising means to abolish slavery in Kentucky; and suppose, still further, they invited all the people of Ohio, who were in favor of the abolition of slavery in the United States, to join them, and partake of their hospitality—but with the avowed and determined object of aiding the Kentuckians to abolish slavery. What, I would ask, would the people of Kentucky say to the people of Ohio, if they attempted to go there? They would not say a word to them; but they would Lynch them! Can an American citizen venture to open his mouth in Kentucky, to express an opinion on the subject of slavery, without incurring this risk? Certainly not. And why? Because, say the Kentuckians, it is purely a domestic institution, with which none but the people of Kentucky have a right to interfere! By what right, then, can the people of Kentucky pretend to justify their impudent interference with the 'domestic institutions' of Ohio? Do they suppose the people of Ohio are less tenacious of their rights than we are? whether or no. But instead of violent measures being adopted, as some recommend and mean to act upon, I would strongly recommend an appeal to the slaves of Kentucky!—They are now in ignorance of their natural rights, let them know them by all means. Every week of the next year or so, four or five editions of the Philanthropist struck off, and sent all over Kentucky. Send spies to plot and undermine their 'peculiar domestic institutions'; and by all means pay those spies well. Create a fund in Ohio, to defray their expenses; laud them to

the skies, as being pure patriots—good men and true, every one of them. But by all means retaliate upon Kentucky—repay her in her own coin, and see who will tire of the game of interference first.

"I just throw out this hint;—it strikes me as being the only peaceable means by which we of Ohio can stop this disgraceful interference, on the part of the whigs of Kentucky, in the affairs of Ohio."

And yet the gentlemen seem to think, for such is the tenor of their note, that the bare offer to them by the Liberty party would render them unworthy to be voted for by all good democrats. We use the liberty of speech here, against the system and practice of slavery in our own country, and the organ of the democratic party in our city recommends in positive terms an interference with the Kentucky slaves, by spies, plots, and undermining. Let it not be said that this is a responsible and properly liable for all communications of the above character, it being general in its terms.

We, the undersigned members of the Central Committee of the Liberty party, therefore state, from our ticket the names of John H. Gerard, Josiah Larrison and Charles Hales, agreeably to instructions.

ALBERT LEWIS, } Com.
THOMAS MORRIS. }

Correspondence between Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster.

On our first page we publish the interesting correspondence between the British minister and the American Secretary of State, concerning the Creole. The correspondence does honor to the ability of the negotiators. No man could have succeeded better than Mr. Webster in making the worse appear the better reason; and theadroitness with which Lord Ashburton parried the American claim in regard to slaves on board American vessels driven by stress of weather into British ports, was characteristic of a wary and skillful diplomatist.

But, how could our Cabinet imagine for a moment, that when all other questions of difference had been finally adjusted, this demand would be conceded? So long as they remained open, there might be ground of hope, that the great interest our transatlantic neighbor had in their settlement, would lead her to compromise a little on this point. Now, there can be no such motive. The claim will have to depend upon its naked merits, deriving no force from concurrent claims, enforced by their reasonableness and justice.

It is easy to foresee the result; nor did our proslavery rulers act blindly in the matter—but with an apprehension of ulterior consequences to the South made them reasonable. Great Britain will not depart from the fundamental law of her jurisdiction on the subject of Slavery. She may reiterate the promise of her minister, and that will be all—"The law and duties of hospitality shall be executed, and these seem neither to require, nor to justify, any further inquiry into the state of persons or things on board of vessels so situated, than may be indispensable to enforce the observance of the municipal law of the colonies, and the proper regulation of their harbors and waters."

The municipal law of the colonies, as of Great Britain, is, that slaves cannot breathe within their bounds.

A careful examination of Mr. Webster's letter, will show, that the demand of our slaveholding government is now limited to a single class of cases.

Persons held to labor, or service, as slaves in this country, may escape into British territory, or be taken there by their masters; or reach there, after having emancipated themselves by force, as in the instance of the Creole; or be borne there on vessels, compelled by necessity to put into a British port.

In the first two cases, our government is not understood, to set up any claim for the surrender of the slaves liberated. It is conceded that they come within the principle established by England within her jurisdiction—that slavery is of force, not right, and shall not exist on British territory.

In relation to slaves who, having freed themselves by force, have found their way to a British port, it is evident, that they cannot be reclaimed as fugitives from service, any more than slaves who have peacefully effected their escape. Can they be demanded as fugitives from justice? Not unless there is a treaty stipulation comprehending their case. For Mr. Webster, in his letter on our first page says—

"If persons guilty of crimes in the United States seek an asylum in the British dominions, they will not be demanded, until provision for such cases be made by treaty: because the giving up of criminals, fugitive from justice, is a greed and understood, to be a matter in which every nation regulates its conduct according to its own discretion. It is no breach of comity to refuse such surrender."

Why then did Mr. Webster in a former despatch demand the negroes of the Creole as criminals? Since the letter was written from which we have just quoted, a treaty has been concluded, and ratified by our Government, one article of which provides for the surrender of persons charged with certain crimes, such as murder, piracy, robbery, forgery, &c. Among them, mutiny is not mentioned, and Lord Ashburton in his interview with certain Abolitionists of New York, has told the reason. He was desirous of specifying this among other crimes, but did "not press it, lest it should involve on the part of his Government, the delivery of slaves situated as were those on board the Creole." They cannot then be demanded as murderers; but even this demand is barred, by the limiting clause in the same article, which declares that the surrender of any one under this article shall be made only "upon such evidence of criminality, as according to the laws of the place where the fugitive, or person charged with crime, shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offence had been there committed."

Had the act of the negroes on board of the Creole been committed within British jurisdiction, we know that no such evidence of criminality could have been furnished.

Therefore, as we understand it, no demand can be made in the case of the Creole, or any similar case, in any form, on any ground—for the actors can be claimed neither as slaves, nor mutineers, nor criminals of any kind.

The claim of our Government, then, is restricted to the single case, where slaves on board of American vessels, driven by force into a British

Poetry.

For the Philanthropist.

Emancipation.

COMMUNICATED BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

Is the African free!

To God be the glory,
Let Earth, Heaven, and Sea
Resound the glad story.

But where's the oppressor!
Has vengeance o'er him,
When the wronged's the redresser,
What power can restrain him?

The power of love to God, and his brother,
Filled the negro's heart, there was room for no other.

On his knee he received great Liberty's charter,
And with loud hallelujah sang praises to God—
Glad tears in each eye; each mouth filled with
laughter;

Forgotten his anguish, his tyrant, and rod.
They leap, they clap hands, they embrace, and
they shout,

No terror suppressing their innocent joy—
Tho' loud rolled the thunder, no tumultuous doubt
That Heaven was their friend, could their rapture
destroy.

But rapture must cease, and hunger succeed,
Will work who has toil'd for the lash and tie
chain?

New feelings awaken—his children will plead,
And Nature, long outcast, triumphantly reign—

He marries the mother—behold the gay throng,
All trimly apparel'd in bridal array—
He, gallantly, leading his partner along—
As she shields her dark beauty from Sol's piercing
ray.

And the voice of the Viol is heard in his dwelling,
And they dance at his wedding, with innocent glee;
With what new delight must his bosom be swell-
ing,

Wife, children and neighbors, rejoicing and free.
His cot teems with comfort, his poultry sur-
rounding—

So frequent are wedding cakes, gentry complain
Eggs cannot be purchased, altho' so abundant;
Who would not rejoice at such loss, for such gain?

Yes, weddings are frequent, the negro's example,
Makes the white man ashamed, and his sin he
forsakes—

Of nature's best feeling, a beautiful sample,
That liberty, parent of virtue, awakes.

Now, the Sabbath arrives, and with heart-felt
devotion
To worship his maker, he duly repairs,
His bosom o'erflowing with filial emotion,
How child-like his praises; how child-like his
prayers;

Of such is the kingdom;—A part of his earning,
To his church and his pastor he'll freely impart,
And secure for his children the blessing of learn-
ing—

Now who'll contend that the Negro wants
heart?

Dear are the names who his freedom promoted,
And the day of deliverance a festival held,
Wear sackcloth ye Senators who tardily voted,
And long the great Charter of Freedom withheld.

America! tremble, the Negro's a brother!
Tho' dark his complexion, his spirit is fair;
No longer that spirit's pure energies smother,
But lighten his chains, and for freedom prepare.

Repeat ere the judgment of Heaven o'er take thee,
Thou boaster of freedom—thou forger of chains,
Repent ere the trumpet of judgment awake thee,
To anguish far greater than Slavery's pains.

Assert thy best nature, and be thyself free,
The ruler of slaves is the greatest of slaves—
The meanest, the vilest of cowards is he,
Who for lucre, base lucre, humanity braves.

From the Boston Miscellany.

CATOCHUS.

A THRILLING SKECH.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows
were all open, and yet the flame of my candle
scarcely flickered. I had become deeply inter-
ested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless
of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around
me, until a moth fluttered into the flame, and the
crackling of its filmy wings attracted my atten-
tion. Upon glancing at my watch, which lay be-
side me on the table, I found to my surprise that
it was already after midnight. I determined
thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book,
walked across the room to draw the curtain, in-
tending immediately to go to bed; but the moon-
light shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I
was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and
gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin,
whitish clouds hanging about the horizon, like the
distant wings of an enormous spirit; but other-
wise the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the
moon was shining peacefully, and below, the
world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud,
half obscured, save where the curving river, glanc-
ing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt
of steel. There is a strange fascination in sitting
in the moonlight—and for almost an hour, I sat,
leaning out into the air. All was silent, save the
monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond,
and at intervals the rustling of green leaves, as a
tremulous breath of wind swelled gently, and then
died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off
dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I
heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and
went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window,
than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head,
which, after recurring intervals, through the
next half hour, finally settled into a raging head-
ache. My brain throbbed violently, and seemed
loose in my head, so that every motion added to
the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed
my temples within its gripping fingers. I lay thus
tossing, restless and sleepless for several hours,
and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall,
half asleep. The water rushed hissing down be-
side me, as if an ocean were loosened, and hurried,
boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air
was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like
hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through
it, seemed, at times, human skeletons, which ben
their long bony arms down to my face, and then
slowly rising, uplifted themselves into air, and be-
came natural trees again. A thousand circles
interlacing and interlacing, dilated and contrac-
ted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased,
and they kept creeping around more and more
gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth,
glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the
air above me all calm and clear. Soon a small
eye seemed looking placidly at me, that grew lar-
ger and larger until it filled the wide ring of the
horizon; then it changed into a face which looked
close into my eyes; gradually the features became
distinct into a hideous mask, and, grinning, and
then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon
another, until the air seemed full of them, they
were huddled together, and tossed about without
body, like the waves of the ocean. Now I sudden-
ly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees
over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered
with damp, green sea-weed. As I groped along,
the sea-weed began to change into snakes, and
the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling
reptiles, that rubbed their slimy sides against my
limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful
chill of horror; all my flesh seemed to creep, and
the very scalp to move, on my skull.

In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard
the wild ring of a bell. I suddenly and convul-

sively opened my eyes and heard the bell ringing.
For a moment, I experienced the most grateful re-
lief from the torment of this nightmare, and no one
can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over
me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a
dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the
change, and then resolved to spring from the bed
and dress myself immediately, but what was my
surprise and horror, when I found I could not
move! My body and limbs seemed rigid as mar-
ble, and of an intolerable weight. I could neither
turn my head, nor stir my foot. My eyeballs
or turn on a spot upon the white wall over my
head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down
the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfect-
ly stiff and torpid, and without the power of mo-
tion. There seemed to be some appalling connec-
tion between the will and the muscular system—
between the mind and the body, as if my living
soul was chained, Mezentius-like, to a dead body.

There was no pain—only a fearful numbness, and
the whole air had congealed into a firm, transpa-
rent amber, which held me strictly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a fallen star,
the thought shot across my mind that I was dead.
Yes, that could be the only solution of this dread-
ful enigma—I was sure that I was dead; but O
God! was this death? Had I been always mis-
taken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the
body, without the power to cast it off? Was death
only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass,
and these finely organized senses, and not an ad-
justed muscles? Only the breaking of one link
in the subtle chain, that connected all the fac-
ties and powers with their instruments! Perhaps
the soul was never freed until the body had rotted
off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and
exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined
to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough a-
way from me and perish, ere I could emerge into
the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I
had never dreamed of, and all the joy and luxury
of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine
and fresh air, all the thousand-fold delights with
which God has strewn the pictured world, were
not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm
should feed, and I could not drive him away;
these eyes, through which the soul had looked up-
on a mild, glorious world, through clear glasses,
would change until they were loathsome and cor-
rupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought—
Nothing I had ever imagined equalled it in terror!

And when I recollected the dead faces of those
whom I had loved and buried, and remembered
the benign and placid smile which shone upon
them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and re-
joicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which
seemed to betoken the recognition by the soul of
a diviner scene, as it was leaving its clay tenement
—and thought that, perchance, even at the very
moment while I was lending over them to take a
last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart,
they were enduring the same fierce burning tor-
ments—the same feeling of horror and despair
—now gnawed me like a burning worm; it seem-
ed to me as if all the joys I had ever known on
earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a
thought.

I heard my name called from below—I made
another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dead
as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the
thought I was dead. Inwardly I determined I would
move, and move with almost superhuman exertion,
but in vain; I could not take my eyes from that
spot on the wall, which had become accursed be-
cause I must see it. Sidewise through my eyes I
felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room;
and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed
incessantly, and crept now and then across my
face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments—
they were years to my excited mind—and no one
came. An age of torment seemed to have passed
while I heard a slight tap at the door—I could
not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I
knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me
by name. The door opened and she came forward
cautiously, and again spoke as she approached the
bed. She looked a moment at me and touched
me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with
my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused
a moment, and then, uttering a piercing scream,
ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly
the door of the cry brought the family to the
bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again
upon the coverlid. They felt of my heart—it was
not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to
me as if hell itself could not be worse than the
torment that I was enduring. I heard quick, con-
vulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair
from my forehead. Some one said—"He must
have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is!"

"Yes," I answered, the answer, the probably sur-
prising—"No pain and died almost immediately—perhaps
in his sleep." Then the voices grew more dis-
tant and murmuring, and some one left the room.
Soon the doors opened, and the face of the family
physician intercepted the damned spot for a mo-
ment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am
not dead, and will relieve me from this situation.

He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and
then I heard him say, in a voice whose tones I
shall never forget, "Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is
entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing."—
The voices then became lower, and I listened in
vain.

It was a long, dark pause—then the shutters
were closed, and persons trod lightly across the
floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as
if the place were sacred. That silent awe which
pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the
voice as if the senseless airy could hear, had passed
over their spirits like a breath-sword upon glass.

I lay low, the confused murmur of voices drew
through the darkened chamber. Now and then
the door opened, and some one bent over me and
gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my
face. Then the room was emptied of all persons,
and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness.
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cast over my spirits like a breath-sword upon glass.

I lay low, the confused murmur of voices drew
through the darkened chamber. Now and then
the door opened, and some one bent over me and
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terse, until the lid was fastened, and only the
narrow space over the face remained open. I felt
the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms,
and I despaired that I should ever recover my
power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table.
Some one asked when I was to be buried? "This
afternoon," was the answer—"he has now been
dead two days." I had then been unconscious for
the length of a whole day. Now the time, instead
of dragging a weary length, seemed to fly with
lightning-like rapidity. The past seemed endless-
ly long—the future was fore-shortened to a breath-
moment. The clock ticked faster and faster,
and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid mo-
ments, as a rising thunder cloud empties its fierce
heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the
shutter creaked beside me, and the window was
opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air
steel over my face like a delicious odor. I heard
the birds singing among the branches, and the gen-
tle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stir-
red among the leaves. I thought of all the glad-
some earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling
brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early
evening clouds, whose lines shift like the colors
on the dove's neck—of the stars, of the moon, of
the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the
memory of them with a mute despair, loving them
the more the nearer I came to losing them. I heard
at last the door open, and the light from the cor-
ridor came in, and the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice
repeated those first sentences in the service for the
dead—"I am the resurrection and the life, &c."

His voice ceased—I gave myself up to despair.
I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought
that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the
lid to screw it down ere I should be removed; I
heard a faint exclamation from some one bending
over me—"Good God! he must be alive yet; there
are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead."

Bringing a mirror and placing it to his lips; he may
breathe yet." It seemed that the extremity of my
agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin—
No sooner had the words been spoken, than there
was a wild hurry, and expressed exclamations of
fear, and doubt, and surprise about the room—
What a moment of agony was the next! The fear-
ful anticipation lest, after all, there should be no
signs of breath, was worse than all before. The
curtain was brought, and when I knew, by the sud-
den and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Ca-
tochus, was at last known.

I was laid instantly; between my lips a few
drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and
head were fomented with heated cloths, with such
effect, that